

There after foloweth þat apyll of Engyngement
of the great lege of Bone by kynge Henry of Mon-
mouth the fyfthe of the name that was Gascoyne
and Guyenne and Normandye.



Do that all this worlde byde make
And dyed for vs vpon a tree
Saue england for mary thy mothers
As þat lifestast god in trynpte (take
And saue kyng Henrys soule I beseeche þ
That was full gracypoule and good with all
A courtypoule knyght and kynge ryall
Of Henry the fyfthe noble man of warre
Thy dedes may neuer for goren be
Of knyghthod thou were the very lode starre
In thy tyme Englande floured in prosperyte
Thou most all myghty of all cheualry
Though thou be not set amonge þ worthyes nyne,
yet wast thou a conqueroure in thy tyme
Our kynge sende in to fraunce full rathe
His harraude that was good and sure
He desyred his herytage for to haue
That is Gascoyne and Guyen and Normandye
He had the Dolphyn bepyer / it shulde be his
All that belongyd to the fyrst Edward
And yf he sayd me nay I wys
I wyll get it with dent of swerde
But than answered the Dolphyn holde
By our inballatours sendynge agayne
We thynke that your kynge is not so olde
Warres great for to mayntayne
Gyete well he sayd your comely kynge



4^o C. 39. A. 1. Seld. (8)

That is bothe gentyll and small
A tun full of tenys balles I wyll hym send
For to play hym therewithall
Than bethought our lordes all
In fraunce they wolde no lenger abyde
They toke theyr leue bothe greate & small
And home to Englande gan they ryde
As our kynge they tolde theyr tale to the ende
What that the Dolphyne dyde to them saye
I wyll hym thanke than saye the kynge
By the grace of god yf I may
Yet by his owne mynde this Dolphyne holde
To our kynge he sent agaynne hastely
And prayd hym trewes for to holde
For Iesus loue that dyed on a tree
Ray than sayd our comely kynge
For in to fraunce wyll I wynde
The Dolphyne angre I trust I shall
And suche a tenys ball I shall hym sende
That shall bere do wone the hye rose of his hall
The kynge at Westmynstre lay that tyme
And all his lordes euerychone
As they dyde set them downe to dyne
Lordynges he sayd by saynt Iohn
To fraunce I thynke to take my waye
Of good counsell I you praye
What is your wyll that I shall done
Shewe me shortly without delay
The duke of Clarence answered sone
And sayd in lege I counsell you soo
And other lordes sayd we thynke it for the best
With you to be redy for to goo
Whyle that our lyues may endure & lest

Gramercy syis the kynge gan say
Our ryght I trust than shalbe woonne
And I wyll quyte you yf I may
Therfore I warne you bothe olde & yonge
To make you redy without delay
To Southampton to take your waye
At saynt Peters tyde at Lammes
For by the grace of god and yf I maye
Ouer the salte see I thynke to passe
Great ordynaunce of gunnes the kynge let make
And shyppe them at London all at ones
Bowes and arrowes in chelles were take
Speres and bylles / with yeen gunstones
And armyng dagars made for the nones
With swerdes & bucklers that were full sure
And harneys byght that strokes wolde endure
The kynge to Southampton than dyde ryde
With his lordes for no lenger wolde he dwell
Fyftene. C. fayre shyppes there dyde hym abyde
With goodly sayles and topcastell
Lordes of fraunce our kynge they solde
For a myllant of golde as I harde say
By Englande lytell pryse they tolde
Therfore theyr songe was welawaye
Bytwene hampton and the yle of wyght
These goodly shyppes lay there at rode
With mast padoes a crosse full semely of syght
Ouer all the hauen sprede a brode
On euery paues a crosse rede
The mailes decked with serpentynes stronge
Saynt Georges streamers spred ouer hede
With the armes of Englande hangynge all alonge
Our kynge full hastily to his shyppe rede

And all other lordes of every degre
Every shyp wayed his anker in dede
With the tyde to hault them to the see
They hoped they? sayles sayled a losse
A goodly syght it was to see
The wynde was good and blew but softe
And fourth they wente in the name of the trynityte
They? counse they toke towarde Normandy
And passed ouer in a daye and a nyght
So in the seconde moynonge yercly
Of that contrey they had a syght
And euer they drew nere the coste
Of the day glad were they all
And whan they were at the shore almost
Every shyp his anker let fall
With they? takyls they launched many a longe boote
And ouer bache theye them in to the streame
A thousande shortly they sawe a flote
With men of armes that lyth dyde leme
Our kynge landed at Cottaunies wout delay
On our ladyeuen thallumpcyon
And to Hartflete they toke the way
And mustered fayre befoze the towne
Our kynge his banher there dyde splay
With standerdes byght and many penowne
And there he pyght his tente adowne
Full well brydged with armory gaye
Fyrst our comely kynges tente with the crowne
And all other lordes in good aray
My brother Clarence the kynge dyde say
The toures of the towne wyl I kepe
With her daughters and her maydens gay
To wake the frenchemen of they? slepe

London he sayd shall with hym mete
And my gunnes that lyeth fayre vpon the grene
For they shall playe with harfflete
A game at tennys as I wene
Goo we to game for goddes grace
My chyldren be redy euerychone
For euery great gunne that there was
In his mouthe he had a stone
The Capytayne of Herfflet soone anon
Unto our kynge he sent hastily
To knowe what his wyll was to done
For to come thither with suche a meny
Welpuer me the towne the kynge sayd
Nay sayd þe Capytayne by god & by saynt Denys
Than shall I wyne it sayd our kynge
By the grace of god and of his goodnes
Some hard tennys balles I haue hyther brought
Of marble and yxen made full counde
I swere by Jesu that me dere bought
They shall bete the walles to the grounde
Than sayd the greate gunne
Holde felowes we go to game
Thanked be Mary and Jesu her sone
They dyde the frenchemen moche shame
Fyftene afore sayd London tho
Her balles full fayre she gan out throwe
Thyrtie sayd þe seconde gun I wyll wyne & I may
There as the wall was moost sure
They bare it downe without nay
The kynges doughter sayd heken this playe
Harken maydens now to this tyde
If yue and forty we haue / it is no nay
They bete do done the walles on euery syde

The Normandes sayd let vs not abyde
But go we in haste by one assent
Where so euer the gunstones do glyde
Our houses in Hertfete is al to rent
The englyshemen our bulwarkes haue brent
And women cryed alas that euer they were borne
The frenche men sayd now be we thent
By us now the to wne is forlaine
It is best now to them fore
That we beseeche this englysh kyng of grace
For to assaile us no more
Lest he dystrope us in this place
Than wyl we by the Dolphyne make hym tede
Wher this to wne delyuered must be
Messengers went forth by and by
And to our kyng come they
The lord Corgraunte certaynly
For he was Capytayne of the place
And Gelam so wile with hym byde by
With other lordes more and lasse
And whan they to our kyng come were
Full lowly fet them on the kyngs knee
Hail cometh kyngs gan they saye
Cyste saue the from aduersyte
O truste we wyl beseeche the
Untyll that it be Sunday noone
And if we may not recovered be
We wyl delyuer the to wne
Than sayd our kyng full soone
I graunte you grace in this tyde
One of you shall fouthe anone
And the remaunt shall with me abyde
The Capytayne toke his nexte waye

And to Bonefaste gan he ryde
The Dolphyn he had thought there to founde
But he was gone he durste not abyde
For helpe the Capytayne besought that tede
Herfflete is lost for ever and aye
The walles ben beten do vone on euery syde
That we no lenger kepe it may
Of counseyll all he dyde them pray
What is your wyll that I may done
We must ordeyne the kynge batayll by sonday
Orelles delpuey hym the towne
The lordes of Bone to gyther dyde come
And bad the towne shulde openly geve
The kynge of englande fareth as a lyon
We wyll not mete with hym in the felde
The Capytayne wol be chary no longer abyde
And towarde Harfflete came he ryght
For so faste he dyde ryde
That he was there the same nyght
And whan he to oure kynge dyde come
How wyly he let hym on this wise
Hayle comly praynte than dyde he say
The grace of god is with the
Here haue I brought the keys all
Of Harfflete that is so capall a ctyte
All is yours bothe chambur and hall
And anyout wyll for to be
Thanked be Iesu sayd oure kynge
And Mac his mother truly
Mayne vncle Doyset without lettynge
Capytayne of Harfflete shall he be
And all that is within the ctyte
A whyle yet they shall abyde

To amende the walles in every degree
That is beten do done on every syde
And after that they shall out cride
To other townes ouer all
Wyfe nor chyld shall not there abyde
But haue them for the bothe great & small
One and twenty. M. men myght se
whan they went out full fore wyde wepe
The great gunnes & ordynaunce reuely
Was brought in to Herfflete
Great sykenes amonge our hoste was in good fay
Whiche kyled many of our englyshemen
There dyed by yonde. vii. score vpon a day
Al yue there was lefte but thousandes. x.
Our kynge hym selfe in to the castell yede
And ~~was~~ hym there as longe as his wyll was
At the laste he sayd lordes for god me speke
Towarde Calayes I thynke to passe
After that Herfflete was gotten that royall ctyte
Throughe the grace of god omnipotent
Our comely kynge made hym redy soone
And towarde Calayes fourthe he wente
My brother Glocestre. becamente
Here wyll we no lenger abyde
And Colyn of yorke this is oure entent
With vs fourthe shall this ctyte
My Colyn. Huntynghdon with vs shall cride
And the Erle of Orenforde with you thre
The duke of Southfolke by our syde
He shall come fourthe with his meny
And the Erle of Deuonshyre spherly
Syr thomas harpyng that neuer dyde fayle
The lord Broke that come hertely

And sy: Johh of cornewall
 Sy: Gylberde Umfrey that wolde vs auayle
 And the lord clyfforde so god me spede
 Sy: wylliam Bouler that wyll not fayle
 For all thy wyll helpe yf it be nede
 Our kynge rode fourth blessyd mought he be
 He spared neyther dale ne dobone
 By waters greete fast rode he
 Tyll he cam to the water of sene
 The frenchemen threwe the brydge adowne
 That ouer the water they myght not passe
 Our kynge made hym redy than
 And to the towre of Turreyn wente moze a lasse
 The frenchemen our kynge abought becaust
 With batayles stronge on euery syde
 The duke of Orlaunce sayd in haste
 The kynge of Englande shall abyde
 Who gaue hym leue this waye to passe
 I trust that I shall hym begyle
 Full longe o: he come to Calays
 The duke of Burbone answered sone
 And swere by god & by saynt Denys
 We wyll play them euerychone
 These lordes of Englande at the tenys
 They: Gentylinen I swere by saynt Johh
 And archers we wyll sell them greete plentye
 And so wyll we ryd them sone
 Sir: for a peny of our monye
 Than answered the duke of Bare
 Wordes that were of greete pryde
 By god he sayd I wyll not spate
 ouer all the englyshemen to: to ryde
 If that they dare vs abyde

we wyll ouerthrowe them in fere
And take them prysoners in this tyde
Than come home agayne to our dynere
Henry our kynge that was so good.
He prepared there full rally
Stakes he let hewe in a wood
And set them befoze his archers berely
The frenchemen our ordynaunce gan espye
They that we ordeyned for to tyde
Lyghted adowne with sorowe cruely
So on they fote fast gan abyde
Our kynge wente bp vpon an hylt hye
And looked downe to the valyes lowe
He sawe where the frenchemen came hastely
As thicke as euer dyde hayle or snowe
Than kneled our kynge downe in that stounde
And all his men on every syde
Every man made a crosse & kysled the grounde
And on they fete fast ganne abyde
Our kynge sayd syz what tyme of the day
My lege they sayd it is nye prime
Than go we to our iourney
By the grace of Jesu it is good tyme
For sayntes that lye in they shryne
To god for vs they be prayenge
All the relygouse of Englands in this tyme
Oratio nobis for vs they synge
Saynt George was sene ouer our hoste
Of very trouthe this syght men dyde se
Downe was he sente by the holy goste
To gyue our kynge the victoie
Than blewethatrompetes merely
These two batayles to gyther rede

Our archers stode by full hartely
And made the frenchemen fast to blede
They: arrowes went fast without ony let
And many shot they through out
Thorough habercyne brestplate & bassenet
x. xi. M. were slayne in that route
Our graciously kynge as I well knowe
That day he fought with his owne hande
He spared neyther hye ne lowe
There was neuer kynge in no lande
That euer dyd better on a daye
Wherefore Englande may synge a songe
Laus deo may we say
And other prayes euer amonge
The duke of Wympaunce without nay
That day was taken prysone
The duke of Burbone also in fere
And also the duke of Barre truely
Sy: Berghaunte he gan hym yelde
And other lordes of fraunce many
So thus our comely kynge conquered the fyld
Be the grace of god omny potent
He toke his prysoners bothe olde & yonge
And towarde Calayes fourth he went
He shipped there with good entent
To Cauntorbury full fayre he passed
And offered to saynt Thomas thyrne
And through Kent he rode in haste
To Elram he cam all in good tyme
And ouer blackebeth as he was rydynge
Of the Cytie of London he was ware
Haille cyall Cytie sayd our kynge
Criste kepe the euer from sorowe & care

And than he gaue that noble Cytie his blessing
He prayed Iesu it myght well fare
To westmynstre byde he ryde
And the frenche prysoners with hym also
He raunsommed them in that tyde
And agayne to theyr contrey he let them goo
Thus of this matter I make an ende
To the effecte of the batayll haue I gone
For in this booke I cannot comprehend
The greatest batayll of all called y^e sege of Rome
For that sege lasted. iiii. yere and more
And there a rat was at. xl. pens.
For in the Cytie the people hungered sore
Women and chyldren for faute of mete were loze
And some for payne bare bones were gnawynge
That at her brestes had. ii. chyldren soukynge
Of the sege of Rome it to wyte were pytye
It is a thyng so lamentable
yet every hye feest / our kynge of his charytye
Gaue them meate to theyr bodyes comfortable
And at the laste / the towne wanne wout fable
Thus of all as now I make an ende
To the blyss of heuen god our soules sende.

Thus endeth y^e batayll of Ceryngcourt
Imprynted at London in Foster lane
in saynt Leonardes paryshe
by me Iohn Skot.

f i R i s

